

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

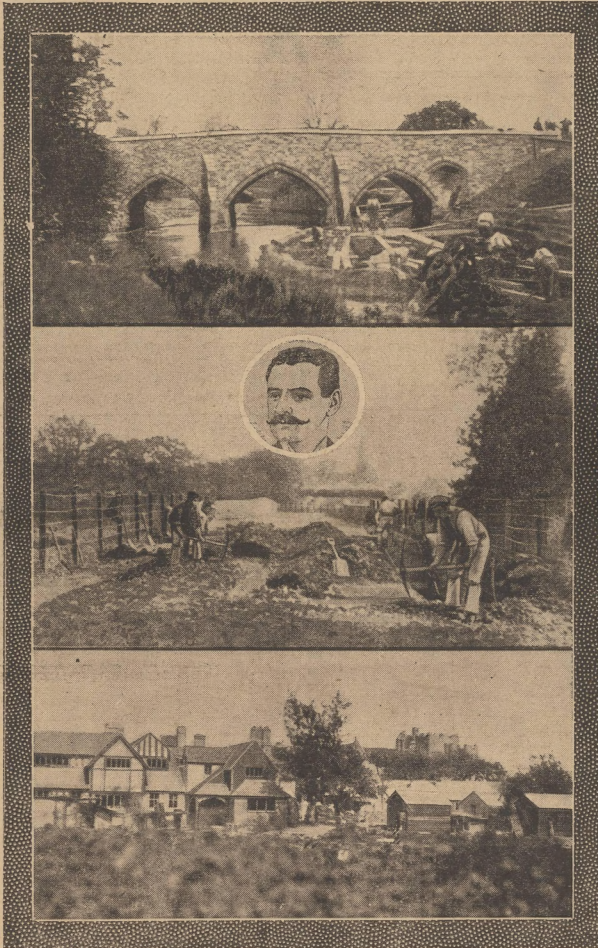
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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. ASTOR'S WONDERFUL ESTATE.

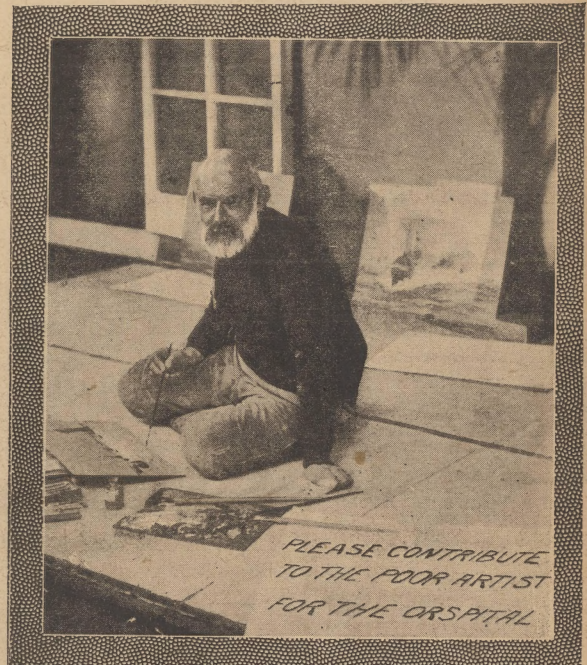


Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire, is spending a fortune on his estate at Hever Castle, Kent. He is digging a lake, fifty acres in extent, and making an ancient bridge and an ancient village. Circled in the centre picture is a portrait of Mr. Astor.



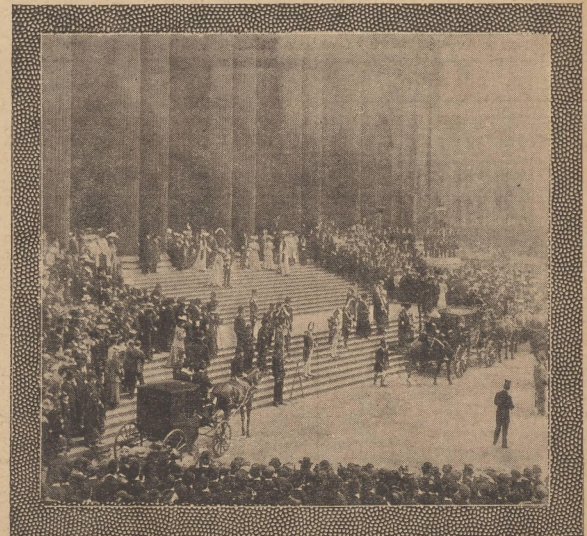
The Prince of Wales yesterday unveiled the memorial erected to the Colonial troops who fell in the South African war. The memorial, which was designed by the Princess Louise, is a large bronze emblem, depicting an angel with outstretched wings, bending over a figure on the cross. The first photograph shows the Prince in his carriage; the second depicts him leaving the Cathedral.

A.R.A. AS PAVEMENT ARTIST.



One of the features of the Westminster Hospital Bazaar is Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., who impersonates a pavement artist, and collects large sums for the charity.

EMPIRE DAY: MEMORIAL DEDICATION AT ST. PAUL'S.



EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The King Views Mimic Battle
in His Motor-Car.

REALISTIC FIGHT.

Prince of Wales Unveils Colonial
Memorial at St. Paul's.

Over all King Edward's dominions, with the exception of India, where Lord Meath's patriotic idea has not yet been adopted, Empire Day—the anniversary of the late Queen Victoria's birth—was celebrated yesterday for the second time.

King Edward gave the royal imprimatur to Empire Day by witnessing a sham fight on the hills near Aldershot, in which some 30,000 men were engaged.

His Majesty afterwards journeyed on his motor-car to Gun Hill, and unveiled a memorial to the officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps who fell in South Africa.

The Prince of Wales attended St. Paul's Cathedral, and unveiled a memorial, designed by Princess Louise, in memory of Colonials who died in the war.

King Edward was accompanied to Aldershot by the Duke of Connaught. An early start was made from Waterloo in a beautiful May morning, and the destination by rail was Milford, where His Majesty's big 22-horse-power Daimler motor-car had been sent before. The Surrey village was gay with flags, and the schoolchildren lined the road as two royal cars started off for Tildred Bridge, seven miles away, where General French and his staff were stationed.

THE KING ARRIVES.

The chocolate-coloured car pulled up smartly in the centre of the group of officers about Sir John French. The King, wearing the undress uniform of a field-marshal, stepped briskly out and saluted the famous cavalry officer, holding out his hand.

Then the mimic battle commenced. On Freshman Ridge were 4,000 men and a battery of guns under the command of General Campbell; on the plains below, stretching away to Tilford, were 16,000 men. Cavalry and infantry prepared to attack the hill a few minutes after His Majesty appeared.

The bugles rang out, the order to fire was given, the booming guns shook the earth, and a great cloud of smoke rose.

The King took out his field-glasses and scanned the distant hill, then turned and spoke eagerly to General French. There was another short order, and the cavalry, in a compact body, swung over the plain at the charge. Then came the infantry with their short dashes and halts for firing.

The attack was in full blast now, and the King got into his motor-car again to ride into the heart of the fray. Field telegraphists flashed word of his coming, and the little Staff on the ridge made ready.

MINIATURE ARMY.

For half an hour His Majesty stayed; on the ridge now inspecting the entrenchments, now seated in a red armchair watching the miniature Army pouring across the plain below.

At one o'clock "Cease fire!" was signalled, and peace declared. His Majesty then chatted and laughed, shaking hands all round.

After lunch at the house of Mrs. Combe, the motors were again set throbbing, and the King was off to Aldershot to unveil the R.A.M.C. Memorial.

With the glitter of gorgeous uniforms around him, his Majesty stood on the platform, and, in a clear, strong voice, spoke a few pleasant words concerning the soldier-doctors.

"HIS MAJESTY."

New Anglo-Afghan Treaty Tells Russia the
Amir Is a Real Monarch.

The new Anglo-Afghan Treaty was issued yesterday afternoon in the form of a Parliamentary White Paper.

One significant detail alone distinguishes it from the former treaty, which was made with the father of the present ruler of the country.

The present Amir is styled "His Majesty" wherever referred to in the document, although his father is referred to as "His Highness."

The importance of this recognition by Great Britain of the status of the other contracting party thus receives an emphasis that is obviously intentional. It is a broad hint to Russia.

KING OF SPAIN'S DEPARTURE.

King Alfonso will, says the Madrid "Epoca," probably leave the Spanish capital on Saturday evening on his journey to France and England.

FRESH BOMB OUTRAGES.

Baku's Governor Slain — Attempt on
Polish Official.

Details of two more bomb outrages in Russia are supplied by Reuter.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon Prince Nakashidze, Governor of Baku, was killed by a bomb explosion. A lieutenant and a bystander shared his fate.

At midnight on the preceding day an attempt was made to assassinate the Chief of Police at Siedlez.

The official was sitting under the verandah of the Russian Club, when an unknown man approached and threw a bomb.

The Chief of Police was seriously wounded, there being over a hundred cuts and wounds on his body. The would-be assassin escaped.

FIGHTING AT THE FRONT.

Frequent Skirmishes as a Prelude to Another
Great Battle.

A semi-official contradiction of the statement that railway communication with Vladivostok has been interrupted is made in St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile, there is great activity at the front, where skirmishes of some importance are of daily occurrence.

The Russians are preparing for the inevitable great battle by erecting a number of field hospitals.

The lack of news concerning the rival fleets affords good ground for the belief that Admiral Rojdestvensky, has now entered the Pacific, passing Formosa and the Philippine Islands.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Leaders Arranging Date for Fiscal Vote of
Censure.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Contrary to expectation, there was no statement made at question time to-day as to the intentions of the Government with regard to the proposed Vote of Censure. I understand, however, that negotiations between the two Front Benches are still actively in progress, and that, in all probability, Tuesday will be set aside for the purposes of the debate. This, of course, is conditional upon the Finance Bill being disposed of on Monday evening.

Intense interest is taken in all quarters of the House in the forthcoming debate, and there is much curiosity as to how Mr. Balfour will reconcile what is believed to be the new position with his former declarations on the subject of the Colonial Conference. His explanation will probably be that the Colonial Conference which meets next year is not the special Conference he had in his mind when he made his declarations, and that it is impossible for him to prevent the discussion of Colonial preference at that conference.

The incidents of the last two nights have revived the inquiries as to when Mr. Balfour is going to reply to the memorandum placed before him by Mr. Chamberlain. It is whispered that Mr. Balfour will not make a formal reply, but that his speech on the Vote of Censure will be regarded as the official announcement on the subject.

SPOOKS IN PARLIAMENT.

Dr. McDonnell Explains His Presence in
Two Places at Once.

Dr. Mark McDonnell, M.P., yesterday furnished the *Daily Mirror* with a feasible explanation of an incident which has caused much interest in the House of Commons.

Last Thursday night, when Dr. McDonnell was ill in bed, Mr. Haviland Burke, M.P., thought he saw him in the lobby. Moreover, Dr. McDonnell's name appears on a division list that night.

Dr. McDonnell's theory is that he was mistaken for Dr. Ambrose. "We are not much alike," said Dr. McDonnell, "but these mistakes are constantly occurring."

An inspection of the division list shows that Dr. Ambrose's name does not appear upon it.

Dr. Ambrose therefore holds the key to the mystery. Did he, or did he not, vote with the "Ayes" at 10.30 last Thursday?

REBUKE TO MR. ROOSEVELT.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—The Superintendent of Schools in Washington has suppressed the circulation among pupils of a publication by the Humane Society, in which President Roosevelt is criticised very severely for shooting wild game at this season, when the animals are raising their young.—Laffan.

"SEMI-TEETOTALISM."

Bishop and General Deal Amusingly
with Its Advantages.

"Semi-teetotalism" had a field-day yesterday at a drawing-room meeting held at the residence of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam in Grosvenor-square.

One rather surprising point was the success of the league, which was at first rather ridiculed. It was stated that 62,000 pledges had been taken, and most of them had not been violated. The membership included large numbers of shop assistants and domestic servants.

The Bishop of Chichester slyly remarked that he was glad the meals (midday and evening) were stipulated in the "no drinks between meals" pledge, because if they were not people might be tempted to have meals at all times in order to be able to have a drink. He did not like the name of the association, but he thought some people might be tempted to scratch out the "semi" before long. They could not teach an Englishman too, much at a time. People were all born abstainers, and only degenerated as time went on.

Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, who mentioned Lord Roberts's interest in the movement, said he thought he should like the pledge better if it abolished the five o'clock tea and toast, which he always regarded as an insult to one's dinner. He believed there was an enormous amount of temperance in society nowadays compared with former days, but amongst soldiers and the working-classes it was seldom that they drank when they were eating.

What he thought regarding his brother generals was that they could hardly realise the amount of good they could do if only they would put themselves to the torture of standing on a platform like he was then doing.

TO CATCH A STEAMER.

Nottingham Man Injured in Severe Motor-
Car Smash on Calais Pier.

A sad accident has befallen the six occupants of a motor-car which was being driven rapidly towards Calais Pier in order that the passengers might catch a steamer.

As the result of a collision, all the occupants were thrown out, the driver was killed, and the others severely injured.

The car belonged to M. Cordiel, a well-known lace manufacturer of St. Pierre, and one of the passengers was Mr. Russell, who is said to belong to Nottingham.

The half-fledged chauffeur had taken prizes at many of the recent race meetings.

BULL RUNS AMOK.

Funeral Crowd Scattered, and Two Persons
Seriously Hurt.

While a funeral was proceeding by Turner's Cross to St. Joseph's Cemetery, in Cork, a bull belonging to Mr. Aherne, Maylor-street, broke away from the men leading it, and dashed furiously among the crowd.

A hackney-car driver named O'Brien was terribly gored, his cheek being opened and his face lacerated, while his clothes were badly torn. A young fellow named Moss was also injured.

The police, with loaded carbines, succeeded in driving the maddened animal into a field, where it was kept until properly roped.

O'Brien and Moss were conveyed to the South Infirmary, where the former was detained. Moss was in a state of collapse when he entered, but was discharged later.

MOTORING IMPRESARIO.

Well-Known American to Tour Continent
for Operatic Singers.

Mr. Heinrich Conried, president of the New York Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, is staying at the Savoy Hotel with Mrs. Conried.

On Friday he leaves for the Continent on a remarkable motor-car tour in search of operatic singers.

On a 40-h.p. Mercedes, he is to visit Paris, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin.

After touring these cities he will go to Russia, a country which has not so far been thoroughly explored by opera-directors in search of new voices.

RAILROAD STREWN WITH FURNITURE.

Between Baracaldo, Portugalete, and Bilbao, in Spain, the railway line is strewn with various articles, including furniture, thrown there by the strikers with the object of interrupting the service.

A large force of troops has been dispatched to Baracaldo, and martial law has been proclaimed. Several persons have been injured in a fight between strikers and men who remained at work.

MR. ASTOR'S PALACE OF MARVELS.

Making a Fairyland at a Colossal
Cost.

FIFTY-ACRE LAKE.

Amazing wonders are being wrought by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire and naturalised British subject, upon the historic Hever estate in Kent, which he recently purchased. The artistic owner is spending money with a lavish hand in beautifying the expanse of 2,000 acres that spread around the old moated castle.

Though the cost of the undertaking is probably not definitely known to Mr. Astor himself, the popular estimate is that a million and a quarter pounds will be expended upon the improvements during the next two years.

There is no busier area in industrial England to-day. About a thousand men of all trades have taken up their residence in the neighbourhood.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* paid a visit to the place, which nestles at the foot of a hill. The road which hitherto led close by the castle has been diverted, and now passes some hundred yards further away. To make this new road it has been necessary to build two bridges over the river Eden, which winds through the estate.

PRETTY MODEL VILLAGE.

Round the castle masons and carpenters are building a picturesque model village, toned to harmonise with the grey old walls of the castle.

A bridge built across the moat joins the new buildings with the old. But the most gigantic part of the work is the making of a lake where formerly green meadows stretched. This lake will cover an area of nearly fifty acres, and will be sixteen feet in depth.

In its present topsy-turvy state the estate suggests Clapham Junction, for everywhere run railway lines, and fussy little engines snort up and down. Each day 750 truckloads of soil are carried away to make a bed for the great lake.

Round the outer edge of the estate runs a fine deer fence, and a pond is being dug. High up on the hill a model farm has been built, with every modern and most perfect appliance.

Close behind the castle an Italian garden is being laid out, surrounded by high walls, with many niches and stone brackets for statues.

PHOTOGRAPHERS BARRED.

The utmost rigour is observed to keep the public from entering the estate and from taking photographs of the building as it rises. Workmen have been discharged at a moment's notice who have tried to snapshot the operations.

Only a few days ago a well-known member of the peerage motored over for the purpose of taking a snapshot or two of the place. No allowance was made for the distinguished visitor; he had to depart empty handed.

Mr. Astor himself takes the keenest interest in his great project, and is constantly down at Hever watching the working of the miracle.

Hever Castle is of great antiquity, and was built by Sir William Hever in the reign of Edward III. It was here that Henry VIII. domiciled Anne of Cleves.

PUSHBALL ON HORSEBACK.

Thousands Cheer the Great Attraction at the
Islington Tournament.

Thousands of delighted children witnessed the final dress rehearsal of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall yesterday.

It was evidently held to be a fitting tribute to "Nelson's Year" that for the first time the Navy should have a share. The feature of the afternoon was the great Naval pageant, in which the evolution of dress and small arms in the Navy is illustrated by a series of groups of men of various periods, from that of Elizabeth to the present day. Push-ball on horseback caused unbounded enthusiasm. The side which won (by two goals to nil) was cheered in a way that left no doubt as to

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Taken unwell while on a journey, the Shah has stopped for a few days at the town of Kassin.

To obtain the use of the common land covered by it, an immense lake, says Laffan, has been emptied by the peasants of Vassilik, Russia.

Lightning yesterday destroyed temporary huts occupied by earthquake refugees at Mandisame (India), and twenty-three persons were killed.

Eight to five on Mr. Wilson Marshall's three-masted schooner Atlantic is the latest betting for New York on the Transatlantic yacht race for the Kaiser's cup.

DRAMATIC SUICIDE OF ARTIST AND WIFE.

Poisoned by Gas Fumes Amid a Fortune of Pictures.

PATHETIC STORY.

Can such an ugly thing as suicide ever be otherwise than unlovely?

To Englishman and Englishwomen it cannot. Yet to other nations' ideas the manner in which a husband and wife died, her head on his shoulder, in a London studio, early yesterday morning, might appear almost beautiful.

The hapless couple were surrounded by the beautiful. Pictures painted by well-known artists stood about them on all sides. Amid this environment they drew two armchairs close together in front of the studio stove. The wife nestled against her husband. Then, just as they had fought life's bitter disappointments side by side, they fell asleep side by side.

The name of these two, who in death were not divided, is Le Couteur.

The husband, Mr. W. J. le Couteur, was of some repute in the artistic world. He was a connoisseur of art in general and photography in particular, and very important people used to go to his studio in Brook-street. Here, with his wife, he carried on a business which was called the "Amateur Photographic Association."

As If Asleep.

The Le Couteurs did not sleep in the building where their studio was—they had a flat in Oxford-street, but on Tuesday evening Mr. le Couteur sent word that both would be away for the night.

At half-past eight yesterday morning the caretaker at Brook-street found a strong smell of gas coming from the studio. He asked a neighbour to see what was the matter. The neighbour knocked, and there was no answer. There was something wrong. The door was opened from without.

After the studio had been partially cleared of gas the neighbour went in.

"Mr. and Mrs. le Couteur looked just as if they were asleep," he says. "They looked as if they were in a peaceful sleep. She had a rug behind her head, and she was leaning quite naturally against her husband. But when the doctor came we found that they were both dead."

The cause of death was at once obvious. When the studio was first entered gas was found escaping from four taps in the stove. It was evident, too, that these had been deliberately turned on.

On the table in the studio were the remains of a meal. Husband and wife had supped together for the last time—chicken, salad, and wine was the fare they chose before they sat down together to die.

Mrs. le Couteur is described by those who knew her as a very attractive woman. She was some years younger than her husband.

Inventor of Consumption "Cure."

The latter eighteen months ago introduced a "cure" for consumption. This enterprise was afterwards taken over by someone else.

Later, it is believed, he had been in money difficulties, and he is stated to have borrowed £400 within the last few weeks.

That it was no sudden resolution that led the Le Couteurs to suicide is indicated by the care with which the pictures in the studio—there for photographic or safe purposes—had been labelled with the names and addresses of their owners, ready for immediate return.

Yet, on the other hand, Mr. le Couteur had announced to a neighbour on the previous evening his intention of paying a business visit to Cromer.

Although bearing a foreign name, the dead man was an Englishman. He came from Liverpool, in which town his mother and brother live.

PRINCESSES' STUDIOUS EXAMPLE.

Two British princesses at least are keeping as closely to their books as any schoolgirls. The Princess of Wales is studying Indian history in view of her forthcoming tour; Princess Margaret of Connaught is grappling with Swedish, the language of her betrothed.

THE SILENT HUSBAND.

The wife of Colonel Owen Vidal Boddy related in the Divorce Court yesterday that her husband threatened to shoot her, and had refused to speak to her for three weeks at a time.

After other requisite evidence was given, a decree nisi was granted.

MOTOR-LAUNCH CATCHES FIRE.

The motor-launch belonging to Mr. H. F. Bassett, a Norfolk gentleman, caught fire while he was cruising near Wroxham. In twenty minutes the launch was gutted and sank, all the occupants reaching shore in safety.

M.P.'s TAILOR-WIFE.

Death of Mrs. Broadhurst, Who Made Her Husband's Clothes.

Mrs. Broadhurst, wife of Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., died yesterday at Cromer.

She married Mr. Broadhurst forty-five years ago, when he was a stonemason, at Norwich. They started life very frugally.

"For years all my clothes were made at home by my wife," Mr. Broadhurst once said, "and for several years of my parliamentary career my wife remained my only tailor."

Although of a retiring disposition, Mrs. Broadhurst once entertained Mr. Gladstone as a guest, and had the honour of being presented to the King, then Prince of Wales, when his Majesty visited Cromer.

THEATRICAL DIVORCE.

Wife of Mr. Horace Sedger Brings an Undefended Petition.

Mr. Horace Sedger, the well-known theatrical manager, who was for many years lessee of the Lyric Theatre, figured in the Divorce Court yesterday, when his wife brought a petition for divorce. The case was not defended.

Mr. Cannot stated that the parties were married in 1898 in Marylebone, and afterwards resided together in Portman-place, there being no children of the marriage. In 1904 Mrs. Sedger brought a suit for restitution against her husband, and the order was made. This the husband did not comply with, and these proceedings were then instituted.

It had been ascertained that Mr. Sedger had stayed at an hotel in Covent Garden with another woman.

Evidence having been given, his lordship granted a decree nisi with costs.

MARRIAGE BAN FOR DONS.

Making Matrimony More Difficult for Oxford College Dignitaries.

A further obstacle has been created at St. John's College, Oxford, to the marriage of Fellows. Formerly a man elected to an official Fellowship forfeited it if he married within seven years; the main object was to retain at least four Fellows in residence in the college.

In future, even after the seven years, a Fellow must apply for permission to marry to a general meeting of president and Fellows.

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S £18,000.

Family Loan Transaction Leads to Painful Law Case.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, in the King's Bench Division yesterday, had before him a case, which involved £18,900 17s.

This amount was claimed by Mrs. Ellen Thomas, a widow of Thames Bank, Whitechurch, as the amount of a loan to her son-in-law, Mr. Auberon Joseph Stourton, of Paxton Hall, Hunts. The son-in-law's defence was that the money was a gift, and that the claim had only been advanced when divorce proceedings between him and his wife had been contemplated.

Last year Mr. Stourton and his wife had differences, and the latter returned to her mother, the husband entering a suit for restitution of conjugal rights, and the wife claiming a divorce.

It was a very painful case, said Mr. Justice Bucknill. It was true that Mrs. Thomas had tried to lure her son-in-law away from speculative speculations.

His lordship held the advance was a loan. Judgment for amount claimed.

THE MODERN SERVANT.

Only one applicant replied to a Cardiff lady's advertisement for a general servant. She was from the Rhonda, and wrote: "Are there any boots to clean, as I strongly object to this? Is the washing put out? Is there much other work to do, and can I have three evenings out each week and every Sunday off?"

BOOTY OF GOLD CHAINS.

In broad daylight yesterday a man hurled a heavy stone through the iron shutters of the shop of Mr. James Joy, jeweller, at Brighouse. The man, after seizing a handful of gold chains, made off. The police hotly pursued the thief, but he escaped.

WHY ARE MARRYING MEN SO FEW?

"Why don't men marry? Is it from selfishness?" That is, briefly put, the subject assigned for discussion by the Gray's Inn Debating Society next Tuesday. Ladies will be present.

NEW TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Striking Revelations as to the Llangollen Remains.

WARRANT ISSUED.

Startling revelations were forthcoming as to the discovery of a tin trunk containing human remains at 1, Oak-street, Llangollen, when the inquest was opened yesterday.

A Mrs. Walther, who is alleged to have tenanted the house when the trunk was left there, had been summoned as a witness, but failed to appear, telegraphing that she had missed a train.

A warrant was issued, and the inquiry was adjourned pending her appearance.

When the inquest on the remains opened yesterday afternoon, Sergeant Wyse said that he received a message from Mrs. Catherine Rogers, owner of the house, who told him that she had let the house in February last to Mrs. Sarah Walther, of Rhosddu, Wrexham.

Mrs. Walther had left the premises unoccupied, but had allowed the tin trunk to remain because a dispute arose about the rent.

Mrs. Rogers added that she went to Wrexham and demanded the key from Mrs. Walther, and relet the trunk to a Mr. Green Davies, removing the tin trunk to a closet upstairs.

This tenant left, and as the house remained empty she went in to see if the trunk was safe, and she noticed a smell, which led her to send for him (Sergeant Wyse).

Child's Hair Found.

Sergeant Wyse went on to say that he opened the trunk and found a gentleman's dressing-gown and a clean sheet, and a smaller trunk. Both trunks were unlocked, and the smaller contained stained sheets and a hard substance to which the sheets adhered. He found soft hair on the remains, which were evidently those of a child.

With the body were two papers, "Wrexham Advertiser" of October 8, 1894, and the "Liverpool Echo" of April 27, 1899. He thought the contents had been turned over recently.

Mrs. Rogers said Mrs. Walther lived at 40, Wind-terrace, Rhosddu. She had written to Mrs. Walther to take the box away, but had not had sufficient curiosity to open it. Mrs. Walther had written in reply saying she hoped to remove the box when she found a fresh place for it.

The box, said Mr. Rogers, had been carried to the house Mrs. Walther by a porter.

The coroner remarked that Mrs. Walther did not seem anxious about it.

Mummified Remains.

Dr. Drinkwater said he had examined the remains, which were those of a human child in a mummified state. It might have been dead two, four, or six years.

He could not tell whether the child had a separate existence. The remains crumbled under examination.

During the hearing everyone was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Walther. All knew that she had been summoned, but as witness after witness appeared to give evidence and then retired there was no Mrs. Walther.

At last a telegram arrived. It was from Mrs. Walther. She stated she was on her way, but had missed her train when changing at Ruabon.

But when the train by which she was expected arrived she was not in it, and a warrant was issued for her arrest. The inquiry was adjourned until today.

Mrs. Walther is well known in Llangollen, and kept a boarding-house there for many years. She is a woman of about thirty-five, and was married to a sergeant-instructor of Volunteers, who died about a year ago.

FORTNIGHT SPEECHLESS.

Baptist Deacon Lies in a Trance and Sees Strange Visions.

After being two days unconscious and a fortnight speechless, a Welsh coal merchant, deacon of the local Baptist chapel, has completely recovered himself, and gives a strange account of his experiences. He is Mr. William Davies, of Eglwysbach, Talycafn, Denbighshire, and is well-to-do. Nine years ago he had a similar vision. He is a good man of business, and has shown no symptoms of brain trouble.

During this recent trance he believes he has had marvellous visions. As he lay in bed he says a Being came to him with the letters of a sacred name across his breast, and laid a soothing hand upon his arm. He declares he can still feel the impression of that hand.

ACCUSED ACTOR AS CHIEF OF POLICE.

The last stage appearance in Newcastle of Mr. M. J. C. charged at Bow-street on Tuesday with conspiring to falsely obtain a Russian passport, was in a play called "The Assassin." It was a drama of Russian tyranny, in which he impersonated the Chief of Police.

MYSTERIES OF BEER.

John Barleycorn as Complicated as a Doctor's Prescription.

A standard dictionary describes "beer" as "a wholesome liquor made by fermentation from malted barley flavoured with hops." Much too often with other things besides hops, it appears.

A parliamentary statement published yesterday informed, appropriately enough, the member for Rye what materials are forbidden to be used in the manufacture of beer, and what others must only be used with caution.

Among those absolutely forbidden are opiacum, ecumene, and clarifloam; when they contain quilla extract, saccharin, and sucramine, and invert sugar containing arsenic.

Brewers are required to be careful in the use of minoka juice, alginol, phylax, gypsum, and optain.

GOOD, BUT DEAR.

How High-Priced British Manufactures Are Handicapped in Siberia.

"Too good and too dear," is what the people of Siberia say about goods of British manufacture.

Mr. Harry Cooke has been inquiring into the state of British trade in that immense country, and his observations are to be found in a very interesting Blue-book published yesterday.

Mr. Cooke found the trade of Siberia chiefly in the hands of Danes, Americans, and Germans. But the trading prospects are of the brightest.

"The market, in area at least, is well-nigh immeasurable," writes Mr. Cooke, "exceeding in superficies the whole of the European continent. Although now but thinly peopled, and its population a relatively poor one, it is the future colony of Russia's increasing millions."

NEW ERA OF TRAMWAYS.

Mr. John Burns Predicts K.C.s Will Use Them to Get to Their Chambers.

Giving evidence yesterday before a Select Committee of the House of Commons regarding the L.C.C. scheme for running tramways across the bridges, Mr. John Burns, M.P., attributed the opposition to the "fears of the minority."

Should any difficulty arise it would be readily overcome by the courteous and able management of the City Police. At Westminster the tramways would not reach the present congested part. The real congestion of traffic was opposite the House of Commons, where sympathetic policemen conveyed M.P.s across the road to the entrance of the House.

Dealing with a suggestion that the tramway over Westminster Bridge should have its terminus on the Embankment near St. Stephen's Club, witness said that many people would want to go further. Law clerks would want to get to the Temple, and he had not the least doubt that he would see learned counsel living on the south side using the tramways to get to their chambers.

BURIED IN SUNSHINE.

Aged Lady's Remarkable Instructions for the Disposal of Her Body.

Mrs. Ernie-Erle-Drax, of Charborough Park, Dorset, who died in March at the age of seventy-six, left estate of the gross value of £136,000.

In her will, by which her daughter, Lady Dun-sany largely benefited, she gave the following remarkable instructions as to the disposal of her body:

"It is my desire that a circular mausoleum shall be built on the slope of the hill on the north-west side on the Cannon Champ in the park at Charborough for the reception of the coffin. The dimensions shall be 60ft. in circumference, with a dome rising 9ft. above the side walls, which are to be 10ft. high.

"Windows are to be placed in the dome only, and to have stained glass of such a colour that the light passing into the interior may look as much like sunlight as possible. A door is to be placed in the wall."

* * * When travelling abroad, the Continental Edition of the "Daily Mail" will be found a welcome messenger of the world's happenings, far in advance of any other English daily newspaper.

The Continental Edition of the "Daily Mail" is on sale in Paris (for 15d.) ten hours before any other London daily; two days earlier in Southern Russia; a day and a night earlier in Alexandria, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Palermo, Madrid, Lisbon, Barcelona, Rome, Liege, Malta, Athens, and Constantinople, and ten hours earlier in the Riviera. Price 2d. in France (except Paris), and 2d. in other countries. Offices: 8, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.

THE MARQUIS AND THE MOTORISTS.

Lord Queensberry Applies for a Licence To Carry Firearms.

TO PROTECT HIS LIFE.

The Marquis of Queensberry made an extraordinary application at West London Police Court yesterday.

He asked the magistrate if he was at liberty to carry a revolver or rifle to protect himself and his family from sudden death.

The ground of the application was the excessive speed of motor-cars driven down the Hammersmith-road. The Marquis of Queensberry lives at Edith Villas, West Kensington, and has frequent occasion to cross the road.

Twice within the last ten days, he told the magistrate, he had been nearly killed. On Tuesday a motor-car going at the rate of at least twenty-five miles an hour came along without any warning as he was crossing the road, and grazed his arm, and had he not been very quick on his feet he would have been knocked down.

He dared not send his children to the park unless he were with them, as the nurse refused to take the responsibility. He had complained to the police and had also wired to the commissioner, but had received no reply yet.

Not a Timid Man.

He was not a timid man, having served in her late Majesty's Navy and lived and travelled extensively in the outlying parts of Africa, North and South America, Australia, Russia, and Siberia. During all those travels he had never carried arms, being a peaceful man.

In India or Africa a man who ran amok was shot like a dog. What difference was there between the motor-fend and the man who ran amok?

Mr. Lane, the magistrate, said the police did all they could to prevent furious driving. He had no doubt, however, that the Marquis had solid ground for complaint.

If he carried a loaded rifle in the street he would probably get into some difficulty, but he could get a licence for a pistol he was at liberty to carry it about.

Lord Queensberry: I thought that possibly the Press might take note of my application, and so bring to these motorists an appreciation of the great danger they caused.

Mr. Lane remarked that the citizen class of motorists were forming an association for checking this sort of thing. The application would doubtless be faithfully reported.

Inspector Flavel here informed the Bench that instructions had been issued to the police to inquire into the accident of which the Marquis complained.

Mr. Lane: Yes, I think that should be inquired into. It seems to have been aggravated case.

Lord Queensberry then withdrew.

MOTOR PITS.

Another Wild Plan for Checking Excessive Speed by Road Hogs.

A drastic check on excessive motor-car speed was proposed by Captain Sergison, J.P., at the last meeting of the Slaughtam Parish Council.

In France, he said, small trenches were made across the road. These could be negotiated safely at moderate speed, but the effect of them was to break the axle of a car travelling at high speed. "If the road hogs did not slow up they would find themselves in the next world," as the gallant captain expressed it.

He suggested one of these trenches at each end of the main street of the village of Handcross.

SHIED AT MR. KIPLING'S CAR.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's motor-car caused a carter's horse to shy near Robertsgate. The driver was thrown on to the road, and his ear was nearly severed by one of the car's wheels. Refusing assistance from the occupants of the car, the man lost a good deal of blood before his wound could be properly stitched by a doctor.

WHEN TO STRIKE.

The clerk at the Stratford Police Court yesterday propounded what might be termed the ethics of assault.

"He struck me," said David Harris, an old labourer, "and I hit him back."

The Clerk: If he struck you first and you deliberately struck him back that is no excuse. But if you struck him to prevent him striking you, that is a good defence.

Harris was bound over.

A.R.A. PAVEMENT ARTIST.

Mr. Wyllie Makes £200 in Two Days on His Westminster Pitch.

Just on £200 has been earned as the result of two days' work by a pavement artist at Westminster.

The artist is Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., and his "pitch" is in Dean's-yard, where the grand Historical Bazaar is in aid of the Westminster Hospital is being held.

The artist, who is dressed in a rough blue jersey and corduroy trousers, and has one foot swathed in dreadful-looking bandages, is the object of the amused and assumed compassion of Plantagenet knights and Tudor queens, of red Cardinals, Black Princes, and Robin Hoods.

He asked him to show him a gorgeous, picturesque melody—and ask him how his poor foot is.

On the "pitch" the following notices are displayed: "Support home industries," "All made in Westminster," "Please contribute to the poor artist for the 'orspinal'."

Another celebrity working in the same cause is Sir Frederick Bridge, who gives lessons on a "piano-player."

Sir Frederick charges 2s. 6d. a lesson, an extra half-crown procuring a certificate that the pupil has received instruction on the instrument and "plays as well as can be expected."

PEER'S SON'S UNHAPPY WIFE.

Hon. Charles Blake Charged with Using Threats of Violence.

The Hon. Charles Joseph William Henry Blake, son of Lord Wallscourt, was charged at the South-Western Police Court yesterday with using threats towards his wife, who kept a tobacco-conit shop at 109, Lower Richmond-road, Putney.

They were married ten years ago, and it was stated that the marriage had been unhappy, owing to the husband's intemperance. After a separation and a reunion his conduct became as bad as before, although he promised to reform.

Mrs. Blake, a lady-like woman, told a pitiful story of ill-treatment, and said she went in fear of her life. One night she dare not go to bed, as he had threatened to "do for her."

The accused was remanded on £50 bail, and directed not to annoy his wife in the meantime.

SPOTTED FEVER SPREADS.

Case in Newcastle While Disease Abates in Northamptonshire.

That mysterious and grave malady, cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever, has spread further north. A case occurred at Newcastle yesterday.

At the village of Irthlingborough, in Northamptonshire, where four deaths have taken place, the inhabitants are reassured by the report of Dr. Robb, the medical officer, which states that the disease has been stamped out.

Regarding the cause of the outbreak, nothing is known, and the theory of contagion by a letter from America is not credited.

Mr. Theodore Taylor, M.P., has given notice to ask the President of the Local Government Board what action he has taken with reference to the Northampton cases, and whether special care will be taken to prevent its spreading.

From some unexplained cause thirty young children in an elementary school at Clowne, Derbyshire, were yesterday taken suddenly ill. Some fainted, some had twitches of the limbs, and others fell in strange fits.

PREYED ON WOMEN.

Cosmopolitan Swindler Who Deceived Girls All Over Europe.

Eight months for theft at Riga, Russia, two months for theft at Hanover, four months for theft at Prague, seven years for swindling and bigamy in Bohemia. Also wanted in Vienna for bigamy.

Such was the police record against Johann Van Bobroo, engineer, who was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday for stealing £75, the life savings of Elise Schenkel, a German servant of West Hampstead, under promise of marriage.

DANGER OF DOZING.

After dozing in a tramcar, as it passed along Lea Bridge-road, Leyton, Alfred Dowers, a young cellarman, of Leyton, woke up suddenly and picked up what he thought was his own walking-stick, but when stopped by Constable Betts, to whom the stick belonged, he admitted his mistake.

Mr. M. Chapman, at the Stratford Police Court yesterday, convicted but discharged him under the First Offenders Act.

In consequence of indisposition, Mr. Justice Kennedy was unable yesterday to take his seat in the Divisional Court with the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Ridley.

LOTTERY OF ART.

Once Sold for a Guinea, Yesterday Realised £1,260.

Another record must be added to the many made at Christie's. Yesterday, at the sale of the Huth collection of engravings, a first state of Thomas Watson's famous engraving, "Lady Damplyde," after Reynolds, realised 1,260 guineas, the highest sum ever paid for a mezzotint at auction. This print was published in 1779 at one guinea.

The collection consisted of eighty-three prints, and the sum of £9,971 was obtained in less than two hours. Fifty of the finest mezzotints after Reynolds produced about £8,500. A superb first state of the Duchess of Rutland, by Valentine Green, went for 850 guineas.

This sixth day's sale brings the Huth total, so far, to nearly £130,000.

MISSIONARY AS CUPID.

Police Court Case Which Led to the Union of a Loving Couple.

Mr. Marshall, the missionary at the Willesden Police Court, has more than once acted as match-maker at the delicate suggestion of the magistrates.

His last excursion in this realm, where all the talent of a trained diplomatist would appear to be necessary, is rather curious.

Not long ago two girls were charged with theft, one the daughter of a widow and the other the daughter of a widower.

The proceedings led to the discovery that the parents were very well known to each other, and that poverty alone prevented their marriage.

Through the missionary's efforts they were married this week at St. Michael's Church, Stone-bridge.

COUNCILS AS TRADERS.

Commons Committee Passes Extension of Power to Metropolitan Boroughs.

Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., fought hard before the Police and Sanitary Committee of the House of Commons yesterday for important clauses in the L.C.C. General Powers Bill.

These proposed to empower the metropolitan borough councils who were supplying electricity to supply electrical fittings to their own consumers.

The chairman remarked that the Committee had always insisted that, although the municipality might supply, they might not manufacture fittings.

Lord Robert said there were provisos which removed the complaint that ratepayers might have to contribute to competition with their own undertakings.

Mr. Balfour Browne said the councils were to supply motors as well.

Lord Robert replied that all the councils would do would be to procure them and sell them to consumers.

The Committee decided to grant the clauses.

JIBBING FIRE ENGINE.

Expensive Apparatus Found Useless in the Hour of Need.

The motor fire-engine for which Finchley paid nearly £1,000 proved useless when an alarm of fire was sounded yesterday.

It could not be made to move, and in the meantime the flames were gaining hold on the Finchley Electric Lighting Station.

Finally carbasses were harnessed to the old discarded steamer, and the firemen were able to get to work.

An examination of the motor-engine revealed a broken cog, but it is not the first time this expensive experiment has failed in time of need.

Little damage was done to the electric lighting plant, although buildings were destroyed to the estimated extent of £1,000.

"THE ONLY WAY."

Mr. Martin Harvey had another enthusiastic reception at the Lyric Theatre last night, when he appeared in "The Only Way," after playing "Hamlet" in the afternoon.

His study of the self-sacrificing Sydney Carton has even gained in picturesqueness since it was last seen in London. There is plenty of life in the old play yet.

SOCKS AS MONEY BOX.

In a case at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, in which a barman was remanded on a charge of pilfering, the landlord of a Hampstead-road public-house said it was contrary to rules for barmen to have money whilst behind the bar.

He said that he discovered accused taking money out of one of his socks.

FRY INJURED—ENGLAND'S LOSS.

Rumour Choosing the Side To Meet Australia.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The news so eagerly awaited all over England—to wit, the composition of the side that will oppose Australia in the first of the series of Test matches—has been postponed, no official confirmation of the various rumours already current having been received.

Fry and Ranjitsinhji are both firm believers in the theory that, to continue at one's best, a practice, either in the field or at the nets, is necessary every day of the season. This theory has indirectly a lot to answer for to the English Test match team, as Fry, while at practice yesterday morning, split the second finger of his right hand.

Followed from the Old Oxonian a wire to Lord Hawke to the effect that it is extremely improbable that C. B. Fry will be able to assist the Mother-country in the great contest on Monday next.

C. B. the Best Run-getter.

The news comes somewhat as a paralysing to English supporters, for, let the growlers say what they like about the inefficiency of Fry in the Test matches, it is universally conceded among the broad-minded critics of the day that C. B. Fry is the best run-getting batsman at present in England.

It is true, as has been said above, that up to date no official confirmation has transpired any of the current rumours into certainties. Yet some facts bearing a direct issue on the selection of the team have already come to light, and, with a little discrimination, it should be fairly easy to construct the side up to a certain point.

For instance, the significance of the fact that Hirst and Rhodes are not starting out for Yorkshire on Monday against Worcestershire, at Leeds, is a practical declaration of their acceptance of places in the Test match side. There can be no other explanation of their exclusion from even such a strong side as Yorkshire, especially in view of the fact that "the Tykes" are making a great bid for championship honours this year, and are unlikely to run the slightest risk of a defeat where they ought to have a victory "dead cold."

Hayward a Tried Hero.

Hayward is another to whom rumour has already assigned a place, both in view of his past performances against the Australians and also of his fine form this year.

Let no one be surprised if he is seen accompanying A. O. Jones to the cricket as one of our first pair in A. O. Jones, of course, is a certainty for an invitation to represent England, his form this year having been exceptionally brilliant and consistent.

B. J. T. Bosanquet has also been accredited by the aforesaid Mr. Rumour—an admirable judge of the game—with an invitation, and this time Mr. R. is likely to be right again. It is worthy of note that Bosanquet has been able to turn out for his county, but that he has not yet appeared against the Colonials. Surely this points to the fact that those in authority are certain of Bosanquet's ability, and prefer to keep his deceptive deliveries as a surprise to the Colonials, who it is said on very good authority, fear him more than any other living bowler.

That Lilley should be mentioned as having been asked to represent the wicket-keeping department comes as a surprise to none, for Lilley has generally been at his very best in Test matches, and Lilley's very best is 24-carat. As England has need of all her batsmen, Lilley scores an additional point, having proved himself again and again a useful and fearless bat.

The Other Places.

The rest of the team, taking the foregoing, A. O. Jones, B. J. T. Bosanquet, Hayward, Hirst, Rhodes, and F. S. Jackson, who is to captain the side, as certainties, may be forecasted with a certain amount of exactitude.

Five places are left. G. L. Jessop, who got 53 for once out against Nottingham, and, further, got a wicket and caught two of the opposition, should be fairly certain of a place. Breatley, who has bowled consistently well through the season, cannot be overlooked as a very probable. MacLaren is almost a certainty, as should also be Arnold, as he has always done very well against the Colonials in Test matches.

The last place may go to W. G. Quail, especially in view of his great innings yesterday. He has also been bowling well this year, and may be very useful if the bowling gets tied in a knot.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

"He kept the track for two miles, and each time I sounded my gong he simply turned round and grinned," said a London United Tramway company's car-driver in prosecuting Francis Smith, carman, for obstruction at Chiswick yesterday. Describing him as "a road hooligan of the type," Sir John Smith fined defendant 40s.

Until the conditions of access had improved, said the chairman of the Crystal Palace Company meeting yesterday, it was not within the power of the company to do more than it did. By agreement the final Football Cup-tie would be played at the Palace for five years.

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BANK (W. N.): Take it out.—**SIX SHARES** (C). It really depends on other market conditions. nothing in mines to justify the higher prices, there may be a revival after the recent weakness, certainly seem high enough. The other shares you hold, but we do not regard the Egyptian speculation favour. **LYONS (A. L.):** The dividend, as you was announced last night.

Mr. C. A. Palmer, who is one of the best amateurs in the Midlands and a semi-finalist in the year's Irish open championship, has done well up to the present. Mr. C. S. Hannay, Royal Liverpool, lowered his colours to the Midlander by 2 holes. Mr. Cant, who had the distinction of beating Mr. Milner on the preceding day, was himself put

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NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MAY 25 1905

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

EMPIRE Day as an institution is gaining ground. Yesterday there were celebrations in many parts of the country. Even Eton was given a holiday. This is a distinct advance. The aristocratic tendency has always been to declare all demonstrations of loyalty "bad form." Patriotism is evidently coming into the fashion.

There is really no more patriotic creature in the world than your Briton, though you have to know him pretty well before you find this out. He has a horror of "parading his feelings." To display emotion strikes him as being unworthy of a man of business. If he is surprised into showing his sentiments, he grows red, awkward, ashamed.

Heine, the great German satirist, said that a Frenchman's love for his country (he called it Liberty, but he meant the same thing) was like a lover's passion for his mistress; a German's, like a son's love for his old mother; an Englishman's, like a husband's love for his wife.

While a Frenchman is passionately and a German sentimentally patriotic, the Briton does not bother about declaring his affection for his country, any more than he thinks it necessary to be always telling his wife how much he loves her. Both are very dear to him all the same.

This British habit of mind naturally leads to our patriotism being often underrated. One is reminded of the Scottish wife who lay dying. Her husband said: "Ye ken, Kate, I've loved ye dearly." Her reply was, "Ye might have tell't me that sooner, Jock."

It is a pity to hide what we feel, either from shyness or policy. We never get credit for qualities we do not make manifest.

IS LIFE A BOON?

There is an arresting phrase in the agreement which has just been made between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Indian Government. Each time the late Ameer is mentioned the words "who has found mercy" follow his name.

This, is no doubt, merely the Mohammedan equivalent for "the late." But it sets one thinking. Do the Mohammedans really believe any more than Christians do that it is a "mercy" to be released from this world? Or do they, like us, really regard death as a disaster, even though there are constantly upon their lips phrases about the next world being a far better world than this?

Most of us, and most of the Mohammedans, too, we fancy, would answer with the dying man of Browning's fine poem:—

Do I view this world as a vale of tears?
Ah! reverend sir, not I.

However unhappy people are, they scarcely ever really want to die. There is implanted in us such a desire to live that there is almost no misery which will make a sane man kill himself.

In one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays there is a character who holds a strange theory touching this world. He sees so much pain and cruelty and wretchedness on every side that he thinks we are in Hell, although we do not know it. On no other ground can he explain why all the injustice and harshness and wickedness are permitted.

But men so sensitive as this to the unhappiness of others are rare. Most people find the world a habitable place enough, except when their vitality is depressed by illness or exceptional grief. Even then they do not want to leave it. Some of us talk glibly at times about life not being worth living, but when it comes to the point, there is not one man or woman in a thousand who does not struggle hard to live as long as possible.

For all we know Death may be a mercy, but it is a mercy Mankind would much rather do without.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Martyrdom is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability.—*Bernard Shaw.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE King spent an exceedingly busy, not to say an agitated, day yesterday. He was in his motor-car practically from morning till night—first flying from Buckingham Palace to Aldershot, then flying from point to point on the manoeuvre area inspecting the troops under the guidance of Sir John French. Sir John is a robust, frank, open-hearted man, who gets on well with the King. His good nature is proverbial. Once, after a trying day in South Africa, he gave up his bed to a junior officer. "I don't care where I sleep," he said, and rolled himself in his cloak on the floor.

Many amusing stories are told about General French's youth. He was an irrepressible boy, with a love for practical jokes. Once, by way of making him more serious, his family requested him to officiate at morning prayers. He objected strongly to this, but consented at last. On the first morning, however, he had to read the words: "O Lord, cut us not off as cumberers of the ground." This he rendered as "O Lord, cut us not off as cucumbers of the ground." He was asked to read prayers no more.

Everybody has been very favourably impressed by the young Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who left Victoria last night on his return journey

from day to day. One day he found the painter at work upon an entirely new canvas. "I'm making a fresh start," he explained, "the other wouldn't do. I burnt it last night." He had been at work upon the "other" for six months.

Mr. Hunt's famous "Light of the World," or at least one version of it, is at present making a triumphal progress round the world. It is the property of Mr. Charles Booth, who intends to leave it to the Tate Gallery. Mr. Hunt finds it very difficult to get models for these famous pictures of his. For "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," he sought all over London for Jewish types, but as not a single Jew could be found who would sit, even for money, for a picture destined to glorify Christianity, Mr. Hunt had to secure a model at last by saying that he was painting "an assembly of rabbis," which was a part, if not all, of the truth.

Lord Queensberry's appeal to be allowed to use arms and to behave as a kind of knight-errant against motorists will be enthusiastically received by those who may have been injured in life or limb by these latter-day bandits of the road. The present Lord Queensberry has not come frequently before the public since he succeeded his father, the eccentric eighth marquess, five years ago. His father never went anywhere without causing sensa-

COMMANDS THE HANDY MEN.



This handsome young officer, Lieutenant Collard, R.N., is in command of the Portsmouth detachment at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament which the King is to open to-day.—(Russell.)

THE KING'S SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.



Princess Christian, born on May 25, 1846. She is as busy as ever this season taking part in all sorts of charitable and social movements. Her support to a good object is never asked in vain.—(Russell.)

to Stockholm. The next time the young Prince comes to England it will be for his wedding with the Princess Margaret of Connaught. His grandfather, King Oscar, who has been in a bad state of health lately, will not be able to come to London for the great event, but the bridegroom's parents, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, will almost certainly be present, and the "best man" will be the bridegroom's brother, Prince William.

Miss Pauline Donalda, who made her first appearance at Covent Garden last night, and whose photograph we publish to-day, is a young Canadian singer, who was much helped by Lord Strathcona (formerly Sir Donald Smith) at the outset of her career. It was by way of compliment to him, her artistic godfather, that she took the name of Donalda. She has been very successful at the Opera House, and great things are expected of her. Later on she will appear as Juliet in Gounod's opera. Unlike most Juliets, she will look the part, for she is very little out of her teens.

There is a great crowd every day at the Tooth Gallery in the Haymarket to see Mr. Holman Hunt's new picture. How strange it seems that here, in the midst of a world which has come to regard pre-Raphaelism as ancient history, a member of that glorious band should, at the age of seventy-eight, have surprised us with another masterpiece. Genius, with Holman Hunt, has always been a long patience. When he was painting his "Christ the Carpenter," which is now at Manchester, a friend used to watch his progress

of varying degrees of violence. No one who was present could forget his conduct at a performance of a Tennyson play at the Globe years ago. He rose up in the stalls and protested against the manner in which a certain character, with whom he happened to sympathise, had been treated by the poet. He pronounced the words "abominable caricature" in accents of indescribable bitterness.

Sir Savile Crossley, who is slowly recovering from the effects of his severe accident, is a great favourite with the King, who has sent constantly to inquire after him during his illness. Sir Savile has had as many accidents as an impenitent athlete must expect to have. He was a great runner at Oxford, and ran for the university in the 100 yards race several times. He seems more proud of that fact than of anything which has happened to him since. He is a little bored in manner, and does not seem to appreciate the fact that he is one of the wealthiest members of the House of Commons.

Mr. Alfred Sutro, author of "The Walls of Jericho," is not the only dramatist who has sprung suddenly into fame during the past few months. Mr. J. B. Fagan, who wrote "The Prayer of the Sword" for the Adelphi, has now had another piece accepted for that theatre to follow "Hamlet" early next month, and he is also the author of "Hawthorne, U.S.A.," which Mr. Lewis Waller produces on Saturday. Mr. Fagan has had practical experience of the stage. He was once a member of the Benson company. His new Adelphi piece is a play of the Young Pretender period.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WAS THE LAW TOO SEVERE?

After following the case and finally reading your account in to-day's issue of the masked murders, I should like to ask whether the law of this country of yours was not rather severe in this case?

Would it not have been better, in consideration of the youth of the accused, to have given them a term of imprisonment, during which time they could have thought over their sin and perhaps returned to liberty good, true citizens.

It seems that even "hardened criminals" (as one paper described them) have been given their hearts. This is shown by their thought of their mother and the reference by the younger to his trust in God.

AN OLD AMERICAN.

May 23.

PARSONS AND POLITICS.

It is unfortunate that your correspondent "Broad Church" should have dropped into a P.S.A. meeting when a political address was being given.

As president of a P.S.A. meeting in N.E. London, permit me to say that we very seldom get a political address, "veiled" or otherwise, social and religious subjects greatly preponderating.

It would be a pity for P.S.A. meetings generally to get a bad name from one isolated experience. If our friend goes again next Sunday, he may hear something different.

ERNEST PRIOR.

IMPRISONMENT FOR INFIDELITY.

In our fathers' time marriage was a lottery. Now it is a business.

Those who break their marriage vows should be rewarded by a term of imprisonment with hard labour for a period ranging from one to fifteen years.

Have this the law in place of divorce, and then I think we shall find that love and happiness will be the chief aims in marriage, and not money and social position, as is the case to-day.

29, Kinnoull-road, W. A. R. BURDENS.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HORSES?

Horseshell is certainly much eaten in Belgium. I spent nine months at Antwerp last year, and saw several shops for horseshell alone.

Every week ships arrive laden with horses. It is a most heartrending sight to see the poor, weary, half-starved, often lame, and utterly worn-out beasts being led by hundreds to the slaughter-houses, where they are kept a few days and fed up before being put out of their misery.

One cannot but wonder that England, the most humane country in the world, should allow horses which have earned a peaceful old age or painless death for the sake of a little gain to be exposed to the horrors of a long and often rough sea voyage, and then to be slaughtered in a foreign country as a reward for their labours in England. A. Q.

Geneva, May 19.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Admiral Birrell.

HIS position with regard to the Baltic Fleet seems to be settled at last. He is Rojestvensky's superior officer, but will not relieve him of his command.

If he gets through to Vladivostok he should be very popular there while he awaits his ships. He is certainly a very popular figure at Cronstadt, where he is affectionately known to officers and men alike as "Old-Grey-Bird-Who-Sees-All."

A personal friend of the Tsar and of the Dowager Empress, he has a reputation in Russian service circles of "getting his own way every time." Three times when thwarted by the Admiralty, he has asked to be relieved of his command, and as often has the Tsar insisted on his suggestions being adopted, rather than lose him.

When a young man, he spent several months in England, and is known to have an unbounded admiration for all the institutions of the British Navy. Early last year he called down the wrath of the "Novoye Vremya" and other anti-British journals, by publicly telling the naval cadets at Cronstadt that they might "do worse than model their conduct upon that of the average British naval officer."

He is a sportsman in every sense of the word. Of his twenty-three orders and decorations he is proudest of the little silver medal, specially awarded to him by a Russian Humane Society for rescuing a drowning midshipman fourteen years ago.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 24.—The beauty and charm of the garden are now so wonderful that it is quite impossible to describe them. One can tell of the countless lovely flowers, the fresh green of everything, but the knowledge that it is not always May, that it is May now, fills one's heart with a sweet joy beyond the power of words.

In bluebells in wood and garden have laid a "heavenly" carpet on the ground. There is a pink "bluebell" (*scilla hispanica*) that is just as easy to grow and has large flowers.

Distant fields are yellow with the mustard. Weed though it be, the country would lose a May charm if this common thing did not gleam in the sunshine.

E. F. T.

The second number of "The Country-Side"—the brilliantly-successful natural history paper edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson—is now out. The remarkable success achieved last week by the first number abundantly proves that "The Country-Side" fills a distinct gap in periodical literature. It deals with open-air life in all its forms.

PICTURES OF THE DAYS

NEWS

SAVAGE LIFE IN CIVILIZED ENGLAND.



The top photograph shows a woman named Alice, who for two years has camped out on the main road at Little Eaton, near Derby. The two pictures below are of Mrs. "Molly" Smith and her son Tom, who for thirty years have lived under a hurdle in a chalk pit at Womenswold, near Dover. Mrs. Smith boasts that she has never lived in a house.

WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE CLAMOUR FOR FREE TEAS.

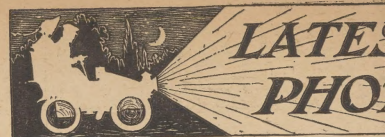


Photographs of the distribution of tea to 2,000 "poor people" by the Torrey-Alexander choir at the New Hall, Brixton. Many of the "poor people" looked quite well-to-do.

CENTURY MAKERS.



Top picture: C. McGahey, of Essex, who piled up 277 runs in the game with Derbyshire. Second photograph: Lord Dalmeny, son of Lord Rosebery and captain of the Surrey team, who made 116 against Warwickshire. Bottom picture: Killick, left-handed Sussex professional, who made 104 against Leicestershire.



TO-DAY'S



Miss Badeley, who will become the wife of Captain Intelligence.

HOUSE BLOWN UP BY C



The effects of the explosion were terrific, as the air and injured. Caused

NEWS IN GRAPHS

NG.



son, R.N., Assistant-Director of Naval

LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.



Two women were blown through the (H. H. Wragg, Leigh.)

SEEN BY OUR CAMERA MAN

EXPERT GOLFERS.



No. 1 is J. E. Laidlay, who beat Mr. John Ball, jun., at Priestwick. No. 2 is J. Graham, who beat Mr. S. H. Fry. No. 3 is H. H. Hilton, who has won two open and two amateur championships, but was beaten by Mr. Cant. This created some surprise. The score was 4 to 2. Threatening weather prevailed.

HOUSE OF REST FOR DECREPIT ACTORS.



The top picture is the institution for worn-out actors and actresses at Pont-aux-Dames, near Paris, founded by M. Coquelin, the elder. It will be dedicated on Saturday. The two photographs below show well-known actresses, superannuated, enjoying a deserved repose.

NEW JUNIOR LORD.



Lord Edmund Talbot, new Junior Lord of the Treasury. His appointment causes a by-election at Chichester. — (Bassano.)

CANADIAN SINGER'S DEBUT.



Miss Pauline Donalda, the young soprano of whom so much is hoped, made her first appearance at Covent Garden last night. She adopted her curious stage-name as a compliment to Lord Strathcona (Sir Donald Smith). — (See page 7.)

PUNCTUALITY THE THIEF OF TIME.

The Popular Saying Corrected, with
Examples of its Inaccuracy.

By EDWIN PUGH.

The saying that "Procrastination is the Thief of Time" used to be very popular when the writer was a tenderling; and, for all I know to the contrary, it may be very popular still—among the unreflecting. But no one who has taken the trouble to think on the matter for two full consecutive minutes can possibly believe in the saying now, because it is so obviously and absurdly false.

Procrastination the thief of time! On the contrary, punctuality is the thief. And if any reader is inclined to doubt this, let him make a point of keeping all his appointments to the minute for a month straight off. I think that at the end of that time he will have found out for himself that I write but the bare truth, and no mad paradox, when I say that punctuality, and not procrastination, is the thief.

I write as one having authority. I know. Until quite recently I was in the bad habit of keeping my appointments, answering letters as soon as I received them, and doing other things of that incredibly silly sort. I am not exaggerating when I state that this vice of punctuality must have stolen away at least a year from my life.

I have wasted untold hours in waiting for other people to turn up, and have wasted weeks in waiting for answers to letters. And the cost to my pocket, my health, and my morality has been prodigious.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

Until recently I profited nothing by experience. I would write (let us say) to a man, suggesting a ride or a drive, and putting in my letter that I should assume he was coming if I did not hear from him the night before. And I have not heard, and I have promptly gone to expense. I have given up other more alluring, alternative engagements, I have hurried about in my car, and at the last buckle, and then I have waited. And two hours after the time named for the start I have received a telegram from the other man to the effect that he cannot come.

Ever since I could read at all I have been reposing a simple, blind faith in time-tables, and have been running—when I might have walked—to catch trains and boats that were late. Reckoning the value of my time even at a shilling an hour, I estimate that the railway and steamship companies of England owe me a free first-class passage round the world for the time I have wasted on their draughty piers and platforms.

Theatrical managers also owe me a first-tier box for one entire season. If I had my rights the tradesmen of England would bed and board me for nothing for six months. Inn and hotel keepers, waiters, tailors, bootmakers, members of Parliament, and laundresses—they all owe me compensation, for they have all stolen my precious time by keeping me waiting on countless occasions.

But perhaps the fault is mine. Perhaps I demand too much from my creatures. It occurs to me that my attitude of meek belief in the good faith of my fellow creatures is infinitely touching. Nothing seems so shatter or even to shake it.

I still go on hoping that when people say half-past six they really mean 6.30, when, of course, I ought to know—experience ought to have taught me long since—that they really mean ten minutes to seven—and only as early as that if they have some relics of a conscience left.

"How long will you be?" I shout upstairs to the ladies.

"Not two minutes," is their reply. "Quarter of an hour at most."

If they had not added those last six words they might have contrived to tell the truth. For they are not two minutes. Nor twenty.

I suppose the truth is that the world is not ripe for men of a literal mind. If we were all punctual instead of being mostly dilatory, then, indeed, procrastination would be the thief of time, and the procrastinator would be treated as a common felon. Until that distant day dawns, however, it is my fixed intention in future always to be as late as possible. But I have no hope of ever being late enough to keep another person waiting.

EDWIN PUGH.

FOOD IN BARRACKS.

A "Gentleman Ranker's" Unfortunate
Experience of Army Life.

A number of correspondents of the *Daily Mirror* have been giving their views lately as to why the supply of recruits falls short. Here is an experience which suggests one reason at any rate. It is written by a "gentleman ranker," who joined the Army in a fit of desperation:—

I arrived at my depot, within a few miles of Glasgow, at seven o'clock in the evening. I was at once shown into a room where a sergeant, a corporal, and a private were playing cards for money. I was asked if I had had any, and on my answering in the negative I was told that the bugle would be blown at eight o'clock.

On the bugle blowing I went into the cookhouse. Picture for yourself fifty recruits fighting to get near a boiler, from which a private, taking the part of cook, was ladling out a greasy mixture which they had to describe as soup. On the other side of the boiler there were about half a dozen privates, men with perhaps ten to fifteen years of service, who were finishing out their time in the "depot." They each had a stick, and were fishing out the bones from the soup.

When the bugle sounded for bed it was found that there were 120 recruits, but only beds for 110. The rules of the barracks distinctly state that no two persons shall occupy one bed. This, however, did not trouble the corporal in charge. He pushed two beds together and put three people in them.

The next morning at breakfast there were twenty-four at a table, and only four basins for tea. Six persons therefore had to drink out of one basin.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

HENRY EDMOND, Thackeray. Messrs. Nelson's latest addition to their wonderfully cheap Bixpenny Classics.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF HANSEI, by Fred. J. Melville, Nissen and Co., Ld. A dainty little book, fully illustrated.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1905. Cassell, Is. Part III. The excellence of Messrs. Cassell's picture reproductions seems to increase with every new work they publish.

WAR IN THE FAR EAST. A History of the Russo-Japanese Struggle, by E. Sharpe Grey. Vol. III. Virtue.

A friend, desiring me to write a book, has written the standard of the first two volumes. Well illustrated, and well printed. This volume brings the history up to the surrender of Port Arthur.

her away from Merrick; he would not be content until he had ruined both their lives.

And he could cleverly prop up proof of Merrick's original intention to pull King Daffodil or prevent him winning the great race.

"Well," said the man again, with a croaking laugh; "well, what am I to tell Vogel?"

Merrick mastered his anger, pulled forward a chair, and sat down facing the speaker.

"What would you like to tell him; what would he like to hear," he said with a sarcastic smile.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"He'd like to hear that his horse was certain to win the Derby, I suppose. That's what I'd like to hear too; that's what I must hear."

"You—what's it matter to you? Why should you care?"

Of course, Vogel says you well for—spying. It's a dangerous game, though, as you find out. He'll pay you well if The Devil wins. But suppose—suppose it paid you better if King Daffodil won, eh?"

The man rubbed his eyes and took another pull at the brandy.

"Say that again, will you? I don't quite follow."

Merrick repeated it.

The man nodded his head slowly; but his body quivered, and he trembled, and his features twitched convulsively; he was evidently suffering from some keen emotion or excitement.

"It isn't only money that I want," he whispered presently. "There's something better than money Vogel has promised me when I've done his dirty work. For it is dirty work, I won't pretend it isn't—but, then, beggars can't be choosers, you know."

Again that ghastly fear knocked at Merrick's heart. Again he refused to admit it even for one instant—refused to listen to its warning voice.

Merrick walked to the sideboard, fetched a box of cigars, and lit one; he had to do it to keep his nerves steady, and hide the excitement he laboured under from the man.

"You're here," the blackmail man, is that it?" he said, as he puffed a cloud of smoke between his lips.

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

"Gentlemen-help"—A New Domestic.

The servant problem is becoming very acute in the Antipodes if the following advertisement from an Australian paper is to be taken as a criterion:—
Wanted, situation as Gentleman-Help to middle-aged lady of means; cook, washing, and music.

Poor Lord Roberts.

Lord Tennyson told the Australian merchants at a banquet how he had once been seriously misquoted. When speaking of Lord Roberts, he said that that distinguished soldier had "never sold the truth to serve the Army." Next day he found himself described as saying: "In order to serve the Army Lord Roberts never told the truth."

Obliterated Legs.

The story about the Paris ballet-dancer who insisted on showing her legs reminds a correspondent of the trouble there was recently at Vassar Women's College, in America. There had been a performance of "Old Heidelberg," and some of the girl students had as usual taken men's parts and worn men's clothes. In the photograph of the cast, published in the college magazine, the legs of the students were blurred out. The authorities did not object to their wearing trousers, but could not bear to have them pictured in such ungraceful garb!

Canine Witness.

The finding of a man's dead body on the railway line near Cambridge through the whining of his dog, which remained on guard over the mutilated remains, recalls a story which happened in Grand Canany a few years ago. A young American was murdered for his money and his fox-terrier taken to the mountains by one of the murderers. Two years later the dog was brought back to the town, and immediately made its way to the spot where its master's body had been hastily buried. Its howling attracted the attention of a policeman, the spot was examined, the body found, and, later, the criminals convicted.

An Oak of Mighty Growth.

When Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was founded Queen Elizabeth said to Mildmay, the founder, "Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "Nay, madam," was the reply, "I have but set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knoweth what will be the fruit thereof." From Emmanuel College John Harvard (to whom Mr. Choate has just dedicated a window in St. Saviour's, Southwark) went to America, and founded Harvard University. The oak Sir Walter Mildmay planted has stretched its roots 3000 feet across the ocean, and is still increasing its mighty growth.

A "Maid of Honour."

The late Lady Bloomfield, whose funeral takes place to-morrow, was a Maid of Honour, and published a book of reminiscences. After its publication Queen Victoria prohibited her ladies keeping diaries. It was this which gave rise to the retort of a newly-appointed Maid of Honour. "What an interesting diary you will be able to keep," said a friend, congratulating her. She said it was not allowed. "I should keep one, all the same," said her friend. "Then you would certainly not be a Maid of Honour," was the reply.

"No, oh no. Just to watch you, just to keep my eyes open. I know more than you think, Mr. Merrick. Vogel told me everything, and I'm beginning to remember. I always forget when I'm starving, and he didn't send me my daily allowance yesterday or to-day—didn't it is why you found me half silly to-night. I'm all right now."

He stooped down and began to brush the dust off his coat and trousers, fastened a lace on his boot, and smoothed his hair.

"I expect I look a bit of a blackguard," he said, with a laugh that was almost pathetic; "but I wasn't a blackguard always."

"Not until you met Mr. Vogel, I suppose."

The man started and peered curiously at Merrick through the blue smoke.

"What made you say that?" he asked quickly.

"We're wasting time," Merrick replied, ignoring the question. "I haven't had a satisfactory answer from you yet."

"You've had the truth; isn't that good enough? P'raps it isn't. Nobody believes it nowadays. You'd rather I lied to you, that's what I ought to have done—but I didn't remember in time."

"I came here to see whether you were likely to keep your promise to Vogel—whether The Devil was going to win the week after next."

"Well," Merrick said slowly. "Have you seen? Have you found out?"

"I should have done, if I hadn't almost pegged out; if I'd only heard what you two were saying to-night—"

"You'd have been no wiser than you are now. And don't forget, if you dare mention her name, and avoid me, you're again—"

"If I dare mention," cried the man, jumping to his feet. "Haven't I as good a right to speak her name as you, a better right for all you know? Hasn't Vogel told me you're in love with her," he added quickly, "and that's the reason you're going to let her lose him?"

"He seems to have told you a great deal. He evidently trusts you implicitly. But how'd you know he told you the truth, eh? You'd better be

(Continued on page 11.)

How the Body Is Built

The body is often called the "House of Life," and no study is more interesting than the way in which it is built up. Whence do the bones, brain, muscles, and nerves derive the material which enters into their composition? They obtain this from the food taken, and that is why in infant life more particularly it is so important that the food given should contain the elements, body-building elements. Stunted, ill-nourished, and badly-developed bodies are not always due to insufficiency of food, but in many instances are due to the fact that the food given has been lacking in some necessary element.

FACTS CONCERNING INFANT FEEDING.

There are few things in regard to which so many mistakes are made as the feeding of infants, or of which the consequences are so mischievous. The mistakes made are the result of want of thorough knowledge of the principles of infant feeding, the composition of food, and the relative merits of those offered to the public. There is, however, one food which satisfies every possible requirement. When you find that "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is largely used by Doctors themselves for their own children, and that it has been adopted for use in the Royal Nurseries of England and Europe, this constitutes conclusive evidence of its excellence. When it is further remembered that "Savory and Moore's Best Food" was prepared in the first instance by Mr. John Savory, who was himself a Medical Practitioner, in consultation with Baron Liebig, and that during the nearly half century it has been used it has won the approval of Doctors, nurses, the Medical Press, and mothers everywhere, there is only one inference to be drawn, the conclusion is irresistible that nothing better than "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is known for the rearing of healthy, strong, and vigorous children.

EASY OF DIGESTION, BUT NOT PRE-DIGESTED.

Everyone recognises the importance of an Infant's Food being easy of Digestion, but this is by no means the same thing as saying it should be pre-digested. If too heavy a task is thrown on the digestive organs discomfort will follow, and the infant will fail to make proper progress, but if, on the other hand, the work of digestion has already been performed, the digestive organs will be weak owing to lack of exercise. "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is easy of digestion, but is not pre-digested, and the digestive organs are consequently properly developed.

THE IDEAL FOOD FOR BABY.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" contains everything needed to build up a strong brain and muscle, and infants fed upon it form firm flesh, have rosy cheeks, increase normally in weight, cut their teeth well, gain muscular strength day by day, and enjoy a remarkable freedom from rickets or scurvy. "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is manufactured throughout upon the firm's own premises, where they have been established for more than a hundred years, and the whole process is carried out under the close and personal direction of the members of the firm. No better guarantee could be given that the Food has the benefit of scientific supervision throughout its preparation.

A NURSE'S OPINION.

"I am a nurse, and have brought up five babies from the month entirely on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids.' I took a very delicate child of six months once that had been tried with several foods, and nothing agreed with her. I tried her with your food, a very little to a bottle at first, and at four months she was a very fine child with ten teeth. I am now bringing up a child on your food, and it is a splendid child; the doctor that vaccinated him asked me what I fed him on, because he is such a fine healthy boy. The last baby I brought up was the child of an officer, and had to travel and had a great many changes of milk; but she was brought up on your Food, and though she was very thin when she was born she got to be a very fine child, and at twelve months had twelve teeth, and never had any illness."

BODY BUILDING FOR INVALIDS.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is of the greatest value for convalescents, the aged, and all whose digestion is weak. It satisfies all requirements, and has the further advantage that it may be prepared in a large number of pleasant and appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired or its digestibility decreased thereby.

SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 3s., and 10s., or a large trial tin will be sent for 6d., together with instructions how to prepare it for invalids. A booklet will also be sent which is a "Guide to infant feeding," and contains various tables, showing the correct height of infants at different ages, weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY IT?

Our booklet will be sent on receipt of postcard, or, what is much better, it will be forwarded with a large Trial Tin for six penny stamps if you mention the *Daily Mirror*, and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143, New Bond-street, London, W.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

D. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Arthur Merrick found himself unable to reply. He had, to a certain extent, lost control over himself; he had taken as truth the man's rather improbable story that he had come from B. S. Vogel, because he instinctively felt such to be the case.

He had learnt how low Vogel could stoop to gain his own ends, and it was more than probable that he would set one of his army of touts and spies to watch Dolores and himself now that they were together, now that Derby day was so close at hand.

What message could he send his late host? What message dared he send, indeed?

Even still he was powerless to speak the truth, to be frank and honest and say what any honest man would say under the circumstances.

If Vogel knew that he was going to ride to win, if Vogel knew that when he won he was also going to take away Dolores, and cheat him of his mean revenge, he would surely hit upon some low, cowardly trick to make Dolores a prisoner, to keep

SUICIDE OF MR. AND MRS. W. J. LE COUTEUR.



Mr. Le Couteur, the artist who conducted the Amateur Photographic Association in Brook-street. He and his wife suffocated themselves with gas.

A FUNNY LITTLE BEAR.



He has arrived at the London Zoo from Syria. Is quite tame, walks about like a dog, and makes friends with children.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

YET ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Truly, indeed, is there no new thing under the sun. Time after time we find history repeating itself. The latest instance of this is the clamouring after the simple life, for one would imagine, were one not aware of facts to the contrary, that the demand for the simplification of our daily habits of living was really something new, whereas for over a decade this has been the very basis of the gospel of health as propounded by that great student of physiology, Eugen Sandow.

A HEALTHY SIGN.

It would seem that a nation at recurring periods finds itself, as it were, on the crest of a wave, and when this periodical uplifting takes such a desirable form as it is doing in the seeking for the simple life, it is a healthy sign. One cannot fail to notice in the present universal craving after more natural methods of living the result in an aggregated fashion of the teachings that have for years been uttered by Eugen Sandow, and which have found tangible embodiment in the world-famous Sandow Treatment.

THE TYRANNY OF HABIT.

But the advocates of the simple life apparently overlook one very important point. Habits of life once formed are not easily broken again, and cannot be suddenly altered without possibility of injury, unless some substitute is found. Everyone, for instance, who has studied the diseases of inebriety and drug habits knows how important a part of the curative treatment is the provision of something to take the place of the stimulants and narcotics to which the system has become accustomed. It is the same with many illnesses which are the result of our modern conditions of living. Dyspeptic troubles, nervous disorders, breakdown of the functions of various organs, insomnia, and many other illnesses are very common to-day, and before such sufferers can hope to appreciate the value of the simple life, it is necessary that their system, or rather their several systems, be brought into a natural and healthy condition by such methods as those employed in the Sandow Treatment.

FIRST STEPS TOWARDS THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The Sandow Treatment is itself based altogether on simple and natural laws, and may, in fact, be said to be the first letter of the alphabet of the simple life. It is educative and reparatory, removes the causes of illness, destroys the evil habits that have been acquired, and so schools the human body that it can dispense with the unhealthy and unnatural conditions surrounding existence in most large cities to-day. It restores the appetite to a healthy and normal condition, enabling a person to discard the nervous appetite and highly spiced condiments so fashionable to-day, a craving, in fact, which in itself indicates a diseased condition of the body. It gives tone to the digestive apparatus, builds up the abdominal muscles, assists the blood to perform its important duties, and enables the excretory organs to throw off all waste and poisonous matter from the system. The body thus restored to a normal state is rendered nearly as possible independent of its surroundings.

IN A COMPRESSED FORM.

It is purely as the result of our artificial and unnatural methods of living that such illnesses as indigestion, constipation, insomnia, anæmia, loss of vigour and nervous or functional disorders are so prevalent to-day. The Sandow Treatment is the enemy of these unnatural conditions, and kills both the illness itself and the cause of illness. It does this by the employment of natural means alone. It accomplishes the most marvellous results in the patient's own house. In a few minutes it enables a sufferer to derive all the benefits of a four-hour life. It represents, in fact, the simple life in a compressed form. It succeeds in those very ailments where medicine has confessedly failed, and even the medical profession itself has expressed its astonishment and its admiration at the marvellous cures achieved by this simple and natural method of treating illness.

Of course, it must be borne in mind that the very simplicity of the Sandow Treatment is the result of years of painstaking study and a vast knowledge of physiology. You remember the story of the professional man who was grumbled at by a rich patient because his fee was very high and the attendance only occupied a few minutes. "Ah, sir," he replied, "these minutes represent years of study and a fortune on education." It was the very simplicity of Phil May's drawings that gained him his popularity, but Phil May first sketched his figures in full detail, so as to ensure absolute anatomical accuracy. Just so with the Sandow Treatment. It is the essence of simplicity, but it is simplicity of great physiological knowledge, the very quintessence of years of study.

THIS COSTS NOTHING.

You, therefore, who are a sufferer from indigestion, insomnia, constipation, loss of vigour, or nervous or functional disorders, why continue to suffer when such a remedy is at hand? Your sufferer is absolutely unnecessary. It is impossible here to go more fully into the matter, but if you wish relief write for a copy of Sandow's book, in which the Treatment is more fully described. Address your application to Eugen Sandow, Dept. D.M., 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C., when a copy of the book will be sent to you post free and gratis.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD ORGANIST.



Master Bertie Fulbrook, organist at the Hughes Memorial Church, Godalming.

A DEVOTED DOG.



When his master, a man named Campion, was drowned at Hackney Marshes, he dragged Police-Sergeant Cory to the spot.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

careful what you say, you know, or you'll find yourself doing five years' hard labour, with Vogel as a companion, perhaps."

The man's face blanched. "I say nothing—to outsiders. I had to tell you; I had to explain to you!" He sat down again, and ran his fingers through his hair and beard. "So you are in love with her," he said after a while, speaking in so low a voice that he might have been talking to himself.

Merrick half rose from his seat with clenched fists, then sat down again.

"I suppose she'll soon grow to love you," the man continued dreamily. "He was staring through Merrick now, rather than at him. "Women can't live without love, and she's beautiful; I remember she looked very beautiful, but I can't remember what she said to you—I can't remember."

"You're all right now, you'd better clear out," Merrick said, with an unnatural calm. "I'll let you go off free, and I'll say nothing to the police, but if I see your face within a mile of this place again, you know what to expect."

The man struggled with his feet and shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't hurt me, you daren't," he laughed.

"Besides, what do you know against me?"

"I know that you're a spy, a trespasser, a confirmed drunkard, and a blackmailer. That's enough; for Vogel's sake, as well as your own, you'd better give Epsom a wide berth."

"Curse Vogel," the man said. "And it's no use your trying bluff. I'm here, and you'll see me again, very often." He pulled himself together with a sad attempt at dignity. "I apologise for trespassing; I didn't mean to go as far as that, and I'm obliged for your hospitality, sir."

"That's all right. Now clear off, don't make a noise, and don't let me see you again."

He opened the dining-room door, but the man stood in the centre of the room looking at him.

"You're a gentleman, you're young, you're well-

bred—it's only natural, I suppose," he muttered. "But, be careful, Mr. Merrick, be careful how far you go."

"Get out," Merrick hissed.

The man walked towards the door.

"You know that she is a married woman, don't you? Yes, I see that you haven't forgotten that."

Merrick flung the hall door open. He was trembling with restrained passion; his face was white, his eyes unnaturally large and red.

"Go—quickly—" he choked.

"And don't forget that you're a gentleman," the man cried. "If you're tempted to forget that, remember me. I was a gentleman once."

Before Merrick could speak or move the man was engulfed in the darkness of the drive.

Merrick stood holding on to the door as if stunned for some seconds. Then he ran down the drive after the man, looking to right and left, hunting among the shadows, but he had disappeared.

All was still silent, deserted.

Merrick returned to the house, surprised, irritated, mystified. Haunted by fears and doubts and dreadful suspicions.

Would June the seventh never arrive and free him from the torture of waiting—the waiting to redeem his honour—the waiting to strangle the lie in Vogel's throat, the waiting to save Dolores and take her far away from possible danger and disgrace and misery.

The Spy's miserable, drink-haunted face followed him; he saw it ever before him, grinning like an evil spirit, like a lost soul, one of Vogel's lost souls.

"Just such a man was Dolores's husband!" The voice of fear made itself heard at last. Just such a man was Dolores's husband.

Dolores mated to that: Dolores in the power of a being less than human—a being that long ago had forfeited the right to live.

A voice arrested Arthur Merrick's thoughts and startled him to consciousness of the hour of the night as he stood outside the front door fighting thoughts and fears.

It was Lyndal's voice and it seemed to come from the star-scattered sky.

"Arthur!"

He walked a few paces back and looked up at the house—up at the window he knew to be hers, the window where the white jasmine and the ivy clambered.

She was leaning out, gazing anxiously at him; her long, fair hair enveloped her shoulders, covering the white wrap which she had thrown around her.

"Arthur, is there anything wrong," she whispered.

He stood right beneath the window and looked up. Against the sky and stars her face looked very pale, every feature outlined with almost classical purity.

"Lyn, you ought to be asleep," he replied. "Go to bed at once, dear."

"And you? How dare you sit up so late," she smiled. "I felt anxious about you—and the cold—so I sat here where I could see the stables. . . . The man has gone, hasn't he?"

Merrick nodded.

"So you saw me bring him in," he said, steadily his voice.

"Yes; what did he want?"

Merrick did not reply at once; he listened to hear if others heard!

"We shall wake Billy if we talk, or Marvis," he whispered.

She shook her head.

"Tell me what he wanted?"

"Oh, nothing; he was ill, so I gave him a drink. I think he's a poor, harmless brute. I don't think he meant any harm. Don't worry yourself, Lyn. Did you hear us talking?"

No; only his last remark: "I was a gentleman once." It seemed so pathetic, didn't it? I'm not surprised you felt sorry for him."

Merrick gave a sigh of relief.

"I expect I was a fool, and I daresay he's a wrong 'un, but I don't think he'll dare show his face here again. Good-night, Lyn; you'll go to bed now?"

(Continued on page 13.)

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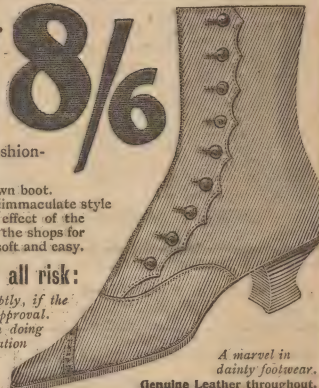
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THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

UNGUENTS FOR THE BEAUTIFYING OF THE SKIN.

So interested was Cecily Mannerling in the subject of attaining beauty by simple means that she asked Mrs. Templar if she might call the following week.

"I want you to give my little sister some advice," she said, addressing her hostess. "She is just sixteen, and all her life long has been troubled with a thin and very irritable skin. In fact, it is so sensitive that poor little Violet is a martyr to skin ailments all through the year."

Mrs. Templar looked sympathetic. "I know that type of skin very well," she replied thoughtfully. "Indeed, one of my own sisters was also a martyr to this vexatious trouble. In the summer the sunshine burnt her face to such an extent that it used to swell painfully, and in the winter the cold winds dried her skin till it became too sore to touch."

Afraid To Go Out in the Sun.

"Violet suffers in exactly the same way," said Cecily eagerly. "If we go to the seaside in summer she is afraid to venture out because the sun produces a kind of erysipelas on her face, and her skin becomes so swollen and inflamed that she is obliged to stay in bed. Even in the country, when the weather is very hot, the poor girl endures the same torture, and, in fact, she becomes quite depressed, and says she has resolved never to go away at all."

"I am glad my skin is not so frightfully sensitive," interposed Belinda. "But surely there is some cure or remedy for these thin, sensitive skins?"

Palliation Possible for This Drawback.

"Frankly, I know of no cure," said Mrs. Templar. "But there are palliatives, and though I cannot change your sister's skin to one of the healthy, robust kind that can fortunately stand sunshine, sleet, or wind, I may perhaps be able to help her a little with some advice. Bring her to see me to-morrow afternoon."

Punctually at the time appointed, Cecily Mannerling, accompanied by her sister, was shown into Mrs. Templar's drawing-room. Violet, was a somewhat delicate-looking girl of sixteen, with a clear, pale skin, dark grey eyes, and chestnut brown hair. A touch of colour in her pale cheeks would have transformed her into a handsome girl. As it was, her face was interesting, though it lacked piquancy of expression.

With her quick, observant eyes Mrs. Templar noted that the eagerly wind had slightly reddened the girl's quivering nose, and had caused her cheeks to assume what Belinda called a "goose-flesh" aspect.

After the preliminaries of introduction were over, Mrs. Templar addressed Violet in her own sympathetic manner.

"Your sister tells me you suffer greatly from an unduly sensitive skin," she said kindly. "Now, in the first place, I am going to ask you to protect your face with a veil every time there is an east wind blowing."

"But I dislike veils, and they are so bad for the eyes," replied Violet, who was somewhat independent in manner.

Good Veils and Bad.

"Veils covered with spots are undoubtedly bad for the eyes," replied Mrs. Templar. "But I wish you to wear either a blue gauze veil or one of Shetland wool. This, of course, is only for cold weather, but you will be astonished how much it protects your face."

"I suffer just as much in hot weather," said Violet. "Am I to wear a veil all the year round?" "Yes," said Mrs. Templar firmly, "the only help that one can give to a sensitive skin is to interpose some protection between the cuticle and the sun and wind. And in summer, not only must you wear a veil, but you must also wear shady hats and carry a shady parasol."

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"In a minute, as soon as I hear your door shut and know that you're asleep. It's past midnight, and you must be up again in four or five hours. You forget how important your health is, Arthur," she smiled. "I can't watch both you and The King all night, you know."

"I'm all right."

He stood for a while looking up at the sweet, girlish face that looked down on him; he could see her face very clearly, and he seemed to read her thoughts reflected in it.

There was almost a motherly expression in her eyes, a look of tender regard and solicitous love. "You think of everyone but yourself," he said softly.

A sprig of jasmine fell from the window and alighted at his feet.

"What a nuisance," breathed Violet. "Life won't be worth living!"

"Then you must be careful never to wash your face with water before going out or after coming in," went on Mrs. Templar, ignoring Violet's remark. "Indeed, soap and water is often too drastic for sensitive skins, and I should advise you to have the following mixture made up, as it is excellent for a complexion such as yours."

Cecily, who had brought her note-book, prepared to write down the prescription.

Mix two ounces of refined honey, one dessert-spoonful of lemon-juice, eight drops of oil of bitter

powder before you expose it to the sun or wind," replied Mrs. Templar.

"You may either use boracic acid powder mixed with levigated talc, which any good chemist will procure for you, or you may dust your face over with a powder composed of equal parts of wheat starch, and oxide of zinc."

"But is this not very drying to the skin?" asked Belinda.

"In a certain measure, yes," replied Mrs. Templar. "But you must remember that I am only advocating the use of this powder for those afflicted with irritable skins, and I only wish them

Two very pretty summer dresses are shown here. The one worn by the seated figure is made of lemon-tinted batiste, dotted with mauve and trimmed with bands of stitched mauve batiste, and the other is a gown of pearl and blue radium silk, decorated with quillings of Valenciennes lace and blue velvet ribbon.



almonds, the whites of two eggs, and enough fine oatmeal to bring about the right consistency. This paste is admirable for those who live in the country and are constantly exposed to sudden changes of weather, and I should advise you to use it twice a day."

"And is that all I need do?" replied Violet.

"No, you have a skin that requires a dusting of

to apply it on going out. Some women with sensitive skins protect their faces by dissolving a little isinglass or gelatine in hot water, and then applying this all over the face.

It acts as another skin, and is often most effective for preventing any irritability caused by wind or rain."

(To be continued.)

He picked it up; the perfume was very sweet, and he held it for a moment to his face.

"Run away to bed, bad boy," Lyndal whispered.

"Goodnight, goodnight," he echoed. But he did not move.

"Well, why don't you go?" she said.

"Oh, I was wondering—thinking. I've been awfully selfish lately—wrapped up in myself, in the horses, in—"

"You haven't felt—I mean you don't feel lonely?"

It was a foolish irrelevant question, but somehow or other it seemed such a lonely little face that looked down on Merrick's from the window beneath the stars.

She was only a girl, motherless, fatherless; no woman to help or advise her in the Marvis household, no girl friend or comrade. She had said that she wanted none whilst she had him; they were as two boys together, they had been as two friends with no thought of the difference in training or in sex.

But now—when he was gone—she might feel lonely! Only old Marvis and one-eyed Billy and the horses.

He had been very selfish.

"Why should I feel lonely?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said awkwardly. "I was only wondering."

"Don't wonder—sleep."

She blew him a kiss, and he walked away, entered the house, and crept to his own room.

But Lyndal remained seated at the bedroom-window twined round with jasmine and ivy. She sat there until the dawn flashed red in the east.

And when the stars hid their faces she hid hers, too.

King Daffodil and Arthur Merrick were safely through the night.

And among the drops of morning dew glittering on the ivy leaves there were some that fell from the blue eyes—quite warm—like warm tears.

(To be continued.)

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